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Where far along the desert sphere  
Resounds no creature's call,  
And undisturbing mortal ear  
The avalanches fall ;

Where rushing from their snowy source  
The daring torrents urge  
Their loud-ton'd waters headlong course,  
And lift their feather'd surge ;

Where swift the lines of light and shade  
Flit o'er the lucid lake,  
Or the shrill winds its breast invade,  
And its green billows wake ;

Where on the slope with speckled dye  
The pigmy birds I scan,  
Or sooth'd, the scatter'd chalets spy,  
The last abodes of man ;

Or where the flocks refuse to pass,  
And the lone peasant mows,  
Fix'd on his knees, the pendent grass  
Which down the steep he throws ;

Or where the dangerous pathway leads  
High o'er the gulph profound,  
From whence the shrinking eye recedes,  
Nor finds repose around ;

Where red the mountain-ash reclines  
Along the clefted rock,  
Where firm the dark unbending pines  
The howling tempest mock ;

Where level with the ice-ribbed bound,  
The yellow harvests glow,  
Or vales with purple vines are crown'd  
Beneath impending snow ;

Where the rich minerals catch the ray,  
With varying lustre bright,  
And glittering fragments strew the way  
With sparks of liquid light ;

Or where the moss forbears to creep  
Where loftier summits rear  
Their untrod snows, and frozen steep  
Locks all th' uncolour'd year ;

In every scene, where every hour  
Sheds some terrific grace,  
In nature's vast o'erwhelming power,  
Thee, Thee, my God, I trace !

So let me in the moral scene  
Thy hand directing see,

And midst its darkest tempests lean  
With confidence on Thee !

'Midst earth's vain joys, or passing woes,  
Alike in good or ill,  
Be the first bliss my bosom knows  
Submission to Thy will !

*To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine,*

Gentlemen,

Should the following lines have any  
claim to insertion, by publishing them,  
you will confer a lasting obligation upon  
a friend and correspondent, who remains

Your most obedient servant,  
J.M.

*Belfast, Sept. 29th, 1814.*

SEE the fierce war-horse bounding o'er  
the plain,  
Foaming with rage, the field of Mars to  
gain ;

The clang of arms at distance far is heard,  
But nought can e'er impress his heart with  
dread.

Impetuous now, he hurries through the  
plain,  
Trampling with pride on heaps of fallen  
slain,

Till stopt at last by death's terrific blow,  
Among the prostrate he himself lies low.  
With agonizing pang his heart now bleeds,  
And now it is his utmost strength he  
needs ;

But now it's vain, to death he must give  
way,  
For he has clos'd the warfare of a day ;  
Now has he fallen never again to rise,  
And death's long sleep for ever seals his  
eyes :

So 'tis with man, by many passions driv'n,  
Not to be stopp'd, though by the voice of  
heav'n,

He headlong flies to folly's fatal crime,  
Nor thinks of ruin'd health, nor mispent  
time,

Until, in misery's gulph entomb'd he  
lies,

By all forgotten, he unpitied dies.